

## ON THE RUINS OF ST. ALBANS.

*Nunquam aliud Natura aliud sapientia dicit,  
Juv. Sat. XIV. 321.*

Once, sacred music held the throng  
Here, in solemn mute control,  
Once holy sounds of vesper song,  
Here impress'd the feeling soul.

And sweet devotion joyful breath'd,  
In the soul's sincere desire,  
Round which her circling flame she wreath'd  
Nourished by seraphic fire.

Now gloomy silence reigns here, lone  
Palling on the ear's chill'd sense,  
Save weekly anthems coldly drone,  
And a colder faith dispense.

Yet deep amid these pillared aisles,  
And e'en through this voiceless gloom,  
A spirit seems to speak in smiles,  
Like, an angel from the tomb:

Bidding the true believer, hail!  
And with majesty's sweet grace;  
Welcome him home from long—long wail,  
To his own, his native place.

Where Verger's well conned tales relate,  
Christians' glory, pagans' shame,